

THE ODD-EYED ONE.

A Story of a District Surveyor.

Of one EZEKIEL SMITH
I have a tale to tell;
A man of parts and pith;
I knew him well.

No man was more alert,
Or talkier, or gayer,
Of Deepdene-in-the-Dirt
District Surveyor.

EZEKIEL had two eyes,
One blue, the other brown,
One seemed to scan the skies,
And one looked down.

A curious kind of squint!
And of these optics twain,
One read the smallest print
Without a strain!

The other had the range
Of a race-glass, but close
Saw nothing (which was strange)
Beneath his nose.

Odd-eyed EZEKIEL
Inspected and surveyed,
And did it passing well;
Or so men said.

Local Authorities
Are men of nerve and phlegm;
The man of the odd eyes
Satisfied them.

The builders also thrived,
Exceedingly content.
So with the men who lived
Upon Ground Rent.

The tenants only—such
Are tenants!—did not smile.
They murmured very much,
And all the while.

They said the drains would smell,
They said the floors would creak,
They said the doors would swell,
The roofs would leak.

They are a cross-grained lot,
Arrestants, SMITH, much bored,
Pooh-pooh'd their plaints as "rot,"
Their woes ignored.

At last a tenant came
To Deepdene-in-the-Dirt,

A humorist, his name
Was PETER BURT.

He very soon made friends
With everybody round.
A smiling wit—who spends—
Is seldom found.

He had a genial face,
Inclining men to chat,
He soon had all the place
Beneath his hat.

One day he gave a feed.
Churchwarden MICHAEL POTT
Said, "This 'ere chap indeed
Well knows wot 's wot."

"An excellent repast!"
Said Mr. ROACH, the Rector.
"A 1," said LEMUEL LAST,
Nuisance Inspector.

As for the Odd-Eyed One,
He, with a swelling shirt,
Proposed—'twas neatly done—
The health of BURT.

He, toying with a peach,
Said, "Thanks! It is my glory
Never to make a speech.
I'll tell a story.

"Nature has wondrous ways;
In her all wit 's embodied."
He said, and fixed his gaze
Upon the Odd-Eyed.

"A man is not a fly,
Or so says Mr. POPE,
(Whose poems, by the bye,
You read, I hope.)

"But Nature can adjust
Man's vision to his need,
(You, all of you, I trust,
Your DARWIN read.)

"You possibly might think
That man an optic ninny
Who could not see—that shrink,
And could—this guinea."

(He pointed to the door
Whereon a yawning crack
Gaped half an inch, or more,
In zig-zag track.)

"But if he had two eyes
Of quite unequal range,
'Twould lessen one's surprise,
'Twould seem less strange.

"An eagle orb applied
(Unblinkered by a fee)
To plaster gaping wide
Is bound to see.

"A wall not underpinned,
Foundations of foul slime,
Such eye is sure to find,
In proper time.

"But if the mole-eye 's used
On Jerry-work (of him
Who 'tips' hath not refused)
Its vision 's dim.

"Muck-mortar, crumbling brick,
Bad drainage, fetid nook,
A sight not long or quick
May overlook.

"Whilst it, perchance, perceives
The fee which—unawares—

The Jerry-builder leaves
Upon the stairs.

"Nature, my worthy friends,
Will join the bat and lynx
To gain her wondrous ends.
Ah! she 's a sphinx.

"I know a man—but stay!
My dear EZEKIEL,
What is the matter, pray?
You don't look well."

The Odd-Eyed One, indeed,
Had fallen in a fit.
This broke up BURT's Big Feed,
His guests did flit.

EZEKIEL "came round,"
But what struck some as strange,
His health, he straightway found,
Required a change.

He was not long a stayer
At Deepdene-in-the-Dirt,
And—well, its new Surveyor
Is PETER BURT.

AUSTRALIA VICTRIX.

VICTORIA is starting its own Fleet, with a line-of-battle ship, several gunboats, a cruiser or two, and torpedo craft. Very crafty—and very pretty too! More power to her elbow—also her Melbourne! England and Australia will in the future have a sort of dual control of the Southern Seas. Perhaps in our European wars, if we have any, we shall be aided by an Australian naval contingent, as well as a military one—only can a thing which exists be called *contingent*? And if some of the ships were sunk, would the rest be styled a "contingent remainder"? Naturally the biggest island in the world has the biggest coast-line, and so needs the largest fleet. Then will follow a healthy rivalry—New South Wales will try to vie with Victoria—Queensland will try to out-torpedo both. Federation is the thing—to prevent the different Australian Colonies from being at Southern Cross-purposes when they all have their own navies.

The Cry of the Connoisseur.

I LIKE a good Jan Van Beers, I do,
I'm partial to true Jan Van Beers;
But when I'm informed that his pictures in hosts
Are signed by his Valet and painted by "ghosts,"
I cry out on false Jan Van Beers!

TOUT DE SWEET.—MR. PINERO, the clever author of *Sweet Lavender*, complains, in a letter to Mr. MOY THOMAS, who commands the *Daily News* Theatrical Column, that our genial contributor, "A NASTY ONE," has found a fault with his play because Mr. TERRY, as a Barrister, robes in his Chambers in the Inner Temple, and wears his bands, or "band" (as Mr. PINERO prefers to call them) over his scarf. Mr. PINERO suggests that now the Law Courts are moved from Westminster to the Strand all the Chancery men robe in Chambers, and only a few Common Law men use the robing-room. Mr. PINERO is wrong. Long before Westminster (*quid* Law Courts) was abolished, the Equity men, having to practise in Lincoln's Inn, robed in their Chambers, but the vast majority of the Common Law men on the active list then, as now, assumed their wigs and gowns in the Courts of Justice. But this is a very small matter. "Surely," adds our genial contributor, himself a barrister with a rare practice, "Mr. PINERO should be satisfied with my unqualified approval of his capital Comedy—a piece which, it will be seen (by reference to "A NASTY ONE's" notice of the play), only requires a little re-arrangement to become practically perfect."

PETTING AT PETTY SESSIONS.—According to the *Essex County Chronicle*, the Brentwood Magistrates must be amusing persons. A few days since a labourer was brought up before three of them, Messrs. PETER (in the chair), LUD, and LEECHER, charged with stealing six pounds of beef, and dismissed. To quote our contemporary, the Bench "gave him the benefit of the doubt, the Chairman warning him to be more careful in the future." No doubt, in "reported cases" this decision will rank with the celebrated verdict, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." From his proneness to blow people up it might be thought that the full name of the Chairman should be Salt PETER, were it not evident that Simple PETER or PETER Simple would be equally appropriate.



A RESPONSIBILITY.

"OH—A—I'M GOING TO A FANCY BALL AS DAWN, YOU KNOW. WHAT KIND OF MATERIAL WOULD YOU SUGGEST FOR A GOWN?"

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

(Imitated, at a respectful distance, from Queen Meredith's "Madame La Marguise.")

THE folds of her short-skirted latter-day dress
Spread over her *chaise-longue*, fall on fall,
As she lounges in languorous loveliness,
With a smile—and a frown—for all.

On her petulant face there's a boding shade,
As her Phrygian cap in the air she flings;
She is hardly at home with herself, I'm afraid:
In the firelight sparkle her rings.

As she lolls,—peevish fire in her Pompadour eyes
The long, sleepy, soft silken lashes beneath;
Through her Rahab-thread lips, stirred to pettish replies,
Breaks the gleam of white tigerish teeth.

As she lolls,—where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
Droops—from under the drapery scanty and slight
The neatest of feet, *sabot*-slipper'd, protrude,
Till one shoe she flings off—as in spite.

As one bends o'er her bosom to tell her the news,
A *mouse mutine* she makes; she is charmingly *chic*.
But what, had she really the power to choose,
She would fix upon, vainly you'll seek.

So she sits in the fire's swiftly-flickering light,
With a flickering smile, like Spring sunshine on flowers;
Ennuyée to death, you would say, weary quite
Of life and its pleasures and powers.

What next? What new *amant* or *mode* may she try?
What fashion for her has a permanent charm?

TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.

"FORM, form, Riflemen, form!
Form, and prepare to protect your QUEEN!"
But not upon Wimbledon Common, dear boys,
For Villadom's big-wigs it greatly annoys,
And moveth GEORGE RANGER to spleen.
Spite of stinginess, snub, and official rebuke,
Form!—It's your duty to Country and Queen.
But if you seek aid from a great Royal Duke,
By George, you *must* be jolly green!
No, shift the rifle-range, pack up the tent:
You *might* fight the Russian, you *cannot* fight RENT!

A VOICE FROM PATNA.

"JUSTICE to"—no, not Ireland, though there is a Pat in Patna—but justice to Mr. TAYLER, of Patna, is what every Englishman must demand of the Government. The *Times*, in the course of a powerful article, stating the case clearly last Friday, told us that Mr. Commissioner TAYLER is now eighty-one years of age, and, on the principle "It is never too late to mend," appeals to the Government to remove the stigma on Mr. TAYLER, and "redress the great and scandalous injustice of which," for thirty years, "he has been the victim." All who have read the narrative will say the same; and Mr. *Punch* trusts that the present Government will lose no time in giving us a splendid illustration of "*Sartor Resartus*."

A REMINISCENCE.

CHAMPAGNE GOSCHEN is my name!
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Good for any sort of tax, dear boys,
Put it on to wheels and pleasure hacks, my boys.
CHAMPAGNE GOSCHEN is my name!
Beautiful to look on is my game!
Good for any sort of tax, my boys!
Oh, that's the little game of JOKIN' G.!

"HAPPY RETURNS."—Mr. HENRY IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY reappear on Saturday next at the Lyceum. They have come back in excellent health and spirits, although he is feeling uncommonly dollarous. Miss ELLEN is brimming over with good stories about all parts, even the wildest, of America. In fact she is quite a new edition of *Backwoods Misselany*.

The purple, the tricolor? Peace will she cry,
Or rouse at the summons to arm?

Attractive she is to the coldest beholder,
A beauty to fascinate even her foes;
But that fidgety foot, and that petulant shoulder,
Speak much more of pique than repose.

For Imperial sunlight some swear she is made,
To loll upon purple with insolent smile;
Yet fanatics of freedom and servants of trade
Have successfully wooed—for a while.

Can you find out her heart through that silk or that lace?
You have seen her in every description of dress;
She'll show Amazon bosom, or Bacchanal face,
But what her heart's like can you guess?

She has tried every man, every *mode* in her world,
Soft Imperial sin, fierce Republican passion;
Still her weary red lips are with discontent curled;
Is she thinking of changing the fashion?

She is fair!—but, when angered, she yearns to taste blood;
She is sweet—but there's a flame in her Lamia kiss.
Will Mars or will Menad next master her mood?—
Is it worth while to guess at all this?

THE GRAMMAR OF DISSENT.—The Scotch Professor—there is only one, and his name is BLACKIE—has broken out again; this time on the subject of grammar. He says, "Everybody who was ever worth anything" wrote bad grammar—which is quite true. There are lots of men worth thousands who have risen—risen from the ranks—far above LINDLEY MURRAY. The Professor doesn't believe in grammar—he "believes in soul." This is really spirited. Evidently Dr. BLACKIE is the grandly contradictory sort of personage who would prefer the "three are *nots*" to the "three R's."

MOST IMPORTANT;

OR, HOW WE INTERVIEW NOW.

(Despatch from our Extra-Special High-Pressure Correspondent.)

PARIS, April 1.

I AM writing this, hurriedly, in a dark and draughty corner of General BOULANGER's corridor. I am writing it on a peculiar page—I may say a page of history. In other words, one of the General's pages, a little Hebrew in buttons, is "making a back" for me, upon which I write, as on a table. Should this MS. be difficult to decipher, you will understand that it is because the page's back is not so steady as it might be. It is, in fact, queerly convulsed at irregular intervals, almost as though the little Hebrew in buttons were laughing at me! But that, of course, cannot be!

The General receives in single file, as though his interviewers were Casuals, or applicants at a Soup Kitchen. To each visitor he accords a special *tête-à-tête*. But with those he receives first he converses for a longer period than with others. I was not among those he received first.

When I passed into the salon, I found the General alone, standing looking at a lot of photographs of himself. His motto is evidently *Nosce teipsum*. His back was turned towards me as I entered. He did not change his position while I remained. He simply glanced over his left shoulder at me now and again, almost with courtesy. His back is a very striking one, singularly expressive in its shrugs; emphatically the back of a Frenchman with a future in front of him, and an interviewer behind him.

"Shall you go to the Nord yourself, M. le Général?" I began.

"Ah," with a shrug of the shoulder, "that is my affair. It is a great principle on which I take my stand. That principle may or may not require my presence. If I go, I go. Otherwise, not."

I bowed my thanks for this important confidence. "May I ask you to define a principle?" I pursued.

"He who can rightly divide and define, is a god," said the General, oracularly. "Some Greek philosopher said so, did he not? I am not a god."

"Ah, Général!" I cried, deprecatingly, "the people are of a different opinion. At least you are an idol. Anyhow, can you give me your idea of Revision?"

(With explosive animation.) "That is my secret. I keep it to myself. Don't you wish you may get it?"

Again I thanked him with effusion for his exceeding candour. The General seemed more interested in the toe of his boot than in me. I hoped there was no connection in his mind between the two subjects. But, from prudential motives, I backed nearer to the door. I proceeded.

"Can you at least tell me if you contemplate abolition of the Senate, or any change in the constitution of that body?"

"I am constitutionally contemplative," he replied, looking at his plain honest bourgeois face in a mirror. "Make what you can of that. I can't tell you any more."

"Pardon me, M. le Général, if I say that your attitude—a very fine one, and most military, I am sure—reminds me of Mr. GLADSTONE when people try to draw him with regard to Home Rule plans. He says he won't be led into a trap."

"The Old Parliamentary Hand is right," said the General. "I'm only a Young Parliamentary Hand, but you won't play the political palmist with me, I can tell you."



BISMARCK FORBIDS THE BANNIS!

"I'm not going to give myself away" (with growing animation, and swinging his right foot almost excitedly). "Why should I? If you declare your plans, they are riddled before they are ripe. I shall unriddle them myself—when the time comes. I prefer to play *Œdipus* to my own Sphinx. I've already put my policy into a nutshell, which let them crack who can. If I claimed to be the Saviour of Society I should be a madman; if I didn't make ready for that rôle I should be a fool."

"Delphic, indeed!" said I. "And now, as to the state of the Army, Général?"

"Subject tabooed!" said the General, curtly. "Besides, I'm a civilian now, you know."

"On only the retired list, M. le Général," said I, with native archness. "Free to play the *GAMBRETTA* in Politics; free also, at a military crisis, to play the *NAPOLEON* in the field. I think you've scored twice there."

"Got 'em both," said the General, epigrammatically, looking at a comic billiard-sketch on the wall.

"And meanwhile, M. le Général," said I, insinuatingly, "what shall you do?"

"I shall reserve my plans, and I shall wait. You needn't," he added, with emphasis, turning towards me, for the first time, right foot foremost.—I didn't!

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.—Bitter Easterly winds, Blackthorn winter, cold, frost, snow, and hailstorms, sleet, cyclones, and blizzards.

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES. PROFESSOR GUINEAFAT'S FIRST LECTURE.

It was a pleasant and select party that was assembled at the Shambles. The occasion was a remarkable one. Professor SAMBO GUINEAFAT, the newly-appointed Oxford Lecturer, was to deliver on the morrow his first popular address in the neighbouring market town of Bulkbury.



Now the Professor was altogether a distinguished and notable personage. Born in Africa, he had fallen early into the clutches of a *troupe* of wandering Negro Minstrels, who brought him to this country as a speculation, and all the impressions of his earlier

years were acquired in the company of these musical children of his race, in whose performances he had taken a part, and whose lot, cast as it was in the rambling life of the caravan, he had shared.

From this, though, it must be added, at the time somewhat against his will, he was rescued by an enterprising agent of a local School Board, who, attracted by his peculiarly rich laugh and singular power of repartee, as evinced in his introduced conversations with the Banjo Man in the entertainment, foresaw how, if these gifts were properly utilised, they might be made to subserve the noblest purposes of educational advancement. Nor was the agent disappointed. SAMBO GUINEAFAT rapidly distinguished himself, and, securing a Triple First at Durham, in a very short time attracted the notice of the older University. The Chair of Phlebotomy fell vacant. The authorities offered it to him. He accepted it with alacrity, and was installed forthwith.

So SAMBO GUINEAFAT, M.A., filled the Oxford Chair, and as Sir CHIVVEY and Lady SHIVERS introduced him to the select circle assembled to meet him in the great drawing-room at the Shambles, and they surveyed his dignified bearing, his faultless black suit, gold eye-glasses, carefully-brushed hair, and general professorial completeness, they could not but admit that, but for his rich black colour, he was as good and real a Don as any who at that moment happened to be parading the High Street of the great University town itself.

"You will take Miss FLYTE in to dinner, Professor," remarked Lady SHIVERS, with an arch smile.

The Professor, who was discussing some abstruse theories of evolution with a scientific celebrity, gave a courtly bow, and offered the middle-aged lady referred to his arm. She had been standing coyly by, listening in rapt attention to his learned discourse, and blushed as she accepted the proffered gallantry. This fair though washed-out creature was the Governess of the household, and, during the Professor's short stay, had assisted him in his search for books in the library. He had spoken to her enthusiastically of his early African experiences. So the charm had been wrought. The swarthy University *Othello* had captivated the worshipping, scantily auburn-haired *Desdemona*. She felt that, were he to ask her, she could share with him his Professorial chair.

Only that very morning, when handing him a volume of *Blair's Sermons*, he had said, "Why, Missie, why do you call 'im 'Professor'?" Why do you not call 'im 'SAMBO'?" She had only replied, "Oh, Mister SAMBO, how can you go on so!" and he had laughed a low rich guttural "Yeogh, yeogh, yeogh!" in response. She knew from, that hour, if she so willed it, she could win him. So, when Lady SHIVERS, whose quick feminine instinct had divined in which quarter the wind was blowing, had consigned her to his charge at dinner with a significant nod, she blushed.

"You are not nervous about to-morrow's lecture?" she asked, looking up at him with what was intended to be a little mouse.

"No, Missie, 'im berry fit! 'Im never was more fit, Missie. Yeogh! yeogh! yeogh!" And he laughed again richly and deeply. Then they went in to dinner.

The entertainment went off as such entertainments generally do. There were awkward pauses at first. Still, as the "tinned" oysters and salmon and "canned rabbit" began to be washed down by the sweet, cheap, but rather heady, champagne, upon which Sir CHIVVEY had not scrupled to regale his guests, the conversation gradually became general, and the Politics of the country, the state of the crops, the sporting prospects, the forthcoming Lecture, were all tossed helter-skelter together in the general outflow of the talk. Suddenly there came a pause, which left Lady PSYCHÉ RAFFRAIL in complete possession of the field. She happened to be describing to her neighbour, Captain WASHOVER, the performance of some Christy Minstrels she had seen at the Fair at Bulkbury that very afternoon.

"You really must see them, Captain," she was saying. "They are far and away the best Niggers I have ever seen. You know I go in for the banjo a little bit, but their right-hand man was so splendid on it that, really, he has quite taken the conceit out of me. I don't think I shall ever try to touch it again."

"By Jove!" responded the Captain gallantly. And then the interrupted flow of conversation again burst out on all sides, and was about to rattle on as merrily as ever, when it was suddenly arrested by the general attention being called in the direction of the Professor, who, with a dazed far-off stare, gazed, as if in some absorbed trance, at the Lady PSYCHÉ, and then, as if overmastering some powerful inward emotion, he addressed her in a husky voice—

"You saw dem Niggers playing at de fair, Maarm?" he asked, in a voice trembling with smothered emotion.

"Oh! yes, Professor, and very good they were, and they are going on with their performances now, no doubt; though I hear the Fair closes to-night," she added, with an inconsequent little laugh.

Then the conversation once more became general. The Professor, however, took no part in it. He sat in his seat as one thunderstruck, overwhelmed as if with some resistless inward reflection that compelled him to silence. Amidst the general hilarity of the table his condition passed unnoticed, but Miss FLYTE had quickly detected it. She endeavoured to rouse him by directing his attention to the aspersion of turkey's eggs that the servant was handing him. He made no reply, but, with his eyes steadily fixed before him, kept mumbling to himself.

Miss FLYTE listened. She thought she caught the words, "Oh! Golly! Golly! Oh! Jehoshaphat! 'Im a berry good corner-man." Then she grew alarmed. She connected the weird change that had come over him with the mention of the Nigger Minstrels, and an unaccountable sickening sense of fear possessed her. At that moment the ladies rose. He was still mumbling "Oh! Golly! Golly!" absently to himself, and did not even notice her departure.

Cigars were produced. The smoke seemed at length to rouse the Professor from his reverie. He rose, and addressed his host.

"I think, Saar, I will just take a turn on the terrace. 'Im berry fine evening," he continued, approaching the window.

"Do, by all means," responded the genial Sir CHIVVEY, hospitably shutting out his University guest in the bleak and aleet-driving October night.

In another minute the Professor was darting over the flower-beds in the direction of the Great Park Gates. At length these were passed. The lights of the market town shone in the near distance.

"Oh, Golly! Golly! oh, Jehoshaphat!" he cried, throwing up his arms wildly. "How 'im 'ab longed to meet dem Niggers; but 'im will to-night. Yeogh! Yeogh! Yeogh! But 'im will to-night."

Then, in leaps and bounds, dashing over ditches, past copses, and through hedgerows, the newly-elected Oxford Professor flew on the wings of the night, and, with eager gaze, in breathless haste, made straightway for the Market Fair at Bulkbury.

It was late in the evening now. There were shouts of uproarious merriment issuing from the principal booth, the crowded approaches to which showed that some unusual attraction within had evidently succeeded in suiting the public taste. A pale lady, with scanty auburn hair, whose dinner-dress was concealed by an old ulster, had just paid her two-pence at the doors, and entered the back of the reserved seats. This was Miss FLYTE. When the gentlemen had joined the ladies the Professor had been missed, and the incident of the Terrace having been mentioned, she had, with a terrible instinct, conjectured *where she should find him*. She had crept out of the house, and, to verify her worst suspicions, made for the Christy Minstrel Show. With a terrible sense of shame and fear she cast her eyes towards the platform. She knew the worst. There, partly disguised with a huge burlesque white tie and collar, a long swallow-tailed white and red striped coat trimmed with buttons as large as muffins, going through frantic gesticulations and antics with the bones, so inspired with frenzy that they seemed to work up his audience to uncontrollable heights of enthusiasm, in the corner seat sat the Professor of Phlebotomy. And the whole forces of his nature, pent up for years in artificial restraints, appeared to have broken loose at last in one gigantic rush. The training of his early youth triumphantly vindicated itself. His bursts of wild and exuberant humour knew no bounds.

As Miss FLYTE leant pale and staggering for support against the damp canvas back of the tent, he again broke into a rich chuckle and interrogated one of his brother minstrels with a banjo.

"When, Massa," he asked, "am a pigeon, not a pigeon? You give 'im up? Den I tell you. Yeogh! yeogh! yeogh! It is when 'im am, Saar, a pigeon-pie!"

Thunders of applause followed this sally. Then he seemed fairly possessed. But matters culminated at last. At a call from the audience he threw himself into the fantastic extravagances of an *impromptu* elog-dance with such unrestrained gusto and aplomb, that he regularly brought down the house. After this Miss FLYTE could witness the terrible sight no longer. She crept back to her room at the Shambles by a back way, but she knew that she had lost her Professor for ever.

When inquiries were made for him next morning at breakfast, she kept her secret. Meantime, the *troupe* of Christy Minstrels had moved on to another and a distant market-town with their

new recruit. At eleven o'clock the Town Hall was packed with an expectant throng, but the Professor did not put in an appearance. There was search and inquiry for him, but the Committee were reluctantly compelled to admit that they "did not know what had become of him." "It's very awkward," they said; and the audience had sulkily to disperse.

And so ended what should have been Professor GUINAPAT's First Lecture.

THE HAYMARKET POMP-ADORERS.

"It is not an easy matter to exactly classify *The Pompador* amongst the entertainments of the present time. I think I should not be very wide of the mark in describing it as "an almost extinct *Opéra Bouffe*"

—that is, an *Opéra Bouffe* from which some violent convulsion, caused by the strongly antagonistic dramatic forces known as WILLS and GRUNDY, had expelled nearly all the sprightly dialogue, the flowing rhythm, the comic couplets, the choruses and dances, and left only some broken poetry and ancient witticisms, the remains of a pretty ballet (in perfect preservation), one *Opéra Bouffe* monarch, *Louis-Ashley-the-Fifteenth* struggling for existence, the damaged materials of a comic trio called *Brookfield-Voltaires*, *Diderot-Voltaires*, and *Grimm-aldi-Allan*, one lonely, plaintive air trying to bloom alone in the Third Act, and a few shreds of Mr. HAMILTON CLARK's melodramatic orchestration.

However, if this description be deemed inadequate, then I should call this piece of powder and patchwork not an effect of collaboration, but the result of a compromise between Messrs. WILLS and GRUNDY. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE cannot be too heartily congratulated on his treatment of this Compromise when it was once in his hands. Poet and Humorist had done their work,—all the difference between "work" and "play."

—there was some tall writing, rather poetic than otherwise, and there were some rare old jokes,—one of them at all events older even than VOLT-AIRE himself, into whose mouth it is put, and which, during his visit to England, he probably heard told as a good story of what Lord ROCHESTER once said to King CHARLES, when the latter spoke of himself as "the Father of his people," and which, perhaps, Messrs. WILLS and GRUNDY may have remembered as always welcome whenever the play of *Charles the Second* (which used to be a great favourite with amateurs, Captain Copp being a highly popular character), was performed. The work also offered a fair chance of arriving somehow or other at a striking *tableau* at the end of each Act.

While Mr. TREE was thinking it over, there came a knock at the door. "Come in, CARR!" exclaimed the humorous Lessee of the Haymarket, and COM-TINS CARR did. In a second this astute ex-governor of the Grosvenor saw what to do with *The Compromise*, and those who were to be the real collaborators were summoned. To work they went, and, at the descent of the curtain on the *premiers*, all the collaborators, Messrs. TRELMAN and JOHNSTON, scene-painters, the

designing KARL, the executors (of the WILLS), L. and H. NATHAN costumiers, COLLINSON AND LOCK the Pompadour upholsterers, KATTI LANNER the dancing-mistress, CLARESON the great Wig Minister, and the Machinist, Mr. OLIVER WALKER,—"gallant little WALKER,"—should have been summoned before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the first-night audience on their individual and combined success.

Rarely has such a series of Pompadour pictures been seen on the stage. I question whether the courtier on the left side of the stage is wearing quite the right sort of buckle in his left shoe, and I should be disposed to doubt the strict accuracy of an inch of the trimming worn by the lady who stands at the back of the stage, almost hidden by Miss ROSE LECLEBOC, who is the most winning and charmingly graceful figure, and the one experienced actress in all that crowd. I venture to draw the attention of Messrs. H. and L. NATHAN to the third button of *Colley Cibber's*, no, I mean *Vol-taire's*—*Vol-taire's*, mind, not *Voltaire*,—otherwise absolutely perfect waistcoat. Evidently the proverbial "*politesse de Louis Quinze*," was only a satirical phrase for the rudeness with which the courtiers treated one another at that period, that is, if the picture of life and manners, sayings and doings of *Louis the Fifteenth's* court, as shown at the Haymarket, are to be taken as seriously representing history. But I don't believe it does: I am still inclined to my first expressed opinions, that these materials are the remains of an extinct *Opéra Bouffe*, and should there be any doubt in Mr. TREE's mind as to the lasting attraction of *The Compromise*—there can be none as to the durability of the stuffs, which are of the richest and finest quality—one move is open to him, and it is this: let him call in Mr. DOROTHY STEPHENSON, and Mr. CULLER, who has unpublished operas in his head, or in his desk,—not that I would intentionally suggest any comparison between the two receptacles,—let him engage ARTHUR ROBERTS, in the absence of Mr. FRED. LESLIE, to play *Narcisse*—on—*the Grin-goire*, and with Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN for *La Pompadour*, the merry *Opéra Bouffe* would run "it might be for years, it might be for ever!" A propos of musical treatment, the prettiest thing in the piece is the song charmingly and most pathetically warbled by Mrs. TREE in the Third Act.

JOKINANA.—GEORGE JOKIN (who has been to see the revival of the *Run of Luck* at Drury Lane), is greatly pleased with the performances at the National Theatre. He says that "Not only are the cheaper parts of the house full every night, but also, as might have been expected, the dearer portions. The horses were of course sure to look after their own stalls and boxes!" He added, "You may well call it *Drury Lane*, as I never was more delighted in my life!"



"A faithful picture of the manners of a period in French History" as presented on the stage of the Haymarket.



The Queen of France and Diamonds.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



Colley-Cibber-Voltaires-Brookfield.



THE WORST OF BEING TOO FUNNY.

Checkstone (who is of a decidedly humorous turn). "I SAY, OLD MAN, THAT WAS A STUCK-UP SET OF PRIGS AT OLD BROWN'S LAST NIGHT! BY JOVE, THOUGH—I DID MANAGE TO SCORE OFF THEM A BIT, EH!"

Host (his fervent admirer). "I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY! THEY ALL SAID WHAT A HEASTLY LITTLE CAD YOU WERE, WHEN YOU'D GONE. AND IF YOU'D HAVE STOPPED FIVE MINUTES LATER, YOU'D HAVE HAD A REGULAR TRIUMPH—FOR OLD BROWN WAS GOING TO KICK YOU DOWN STAIRS!"

MY PLAY.

SIR,—Having for some time past been devoting the whole of my time to the writing of a work intended for production on the stage, it is, I confess with some chagrin and no little astonishment, that I find I am unable to meet with a single Manager who is willing to accept it. And what makes this reluctance the more remarkable is the testimony borne almost universally to the excellence of my play by the leading Actors and Managers to whom I have submitted it. You can see from the following specimens which I subjoin, with what a general chorus of welcome and approval they have hailed my work. If, after reading these you are able to furnish me with any explanation to account for the fact that I have not only not been set upon on all sides with a view to the production of my piece, but have not even had one single application calculated to lead to any negotiation about the affair whatever, I need scarcely add I shall be glad to receive it. I herewith also enclose the plot in full, as I think it may interest you.* Begging your attentive perusal of the highly flattering opinions of my work which I append hereto, I desire to subscribe myself, Your much-surprised and disappointed correspondent,

BEN-BRINKLEY SHAKSPERE.

"I have read your piece, and have been quite carried away by it. The writing is magnificent. What a part, too, is that Policeman's!"—WILSON BARRETT.

"A fine play. You ought to meet with no difficulty in finding some one ready to build you a theatre to produce it."—HENRY NEVILLE.

"Subtle, majestic, and immensely humorous. If it were not for that procession of elephants in the Seventh Act, I might have looked at the part of that Arabian thimble-rigging fellow myself."—J. L. TOOLE.

* We have purposely omitted this, not wishing to discount the delight that the Public will probably feel on seeing the play when it is produced.—ED.

"Your five heroines are charming. I should like to play them all."—MADGE KENDAL.

"I never read such a piece in my life. Take my advice—write another."—WILLIE EDWIN.

"The character of the Duke is grandly conceived, and his death in the hydraulic machine ingenious. I congratulate you."—BERENSON TREK.

"A fine play. You certainly can write. Your dialogue alone ought to bring any house down."—ARTHUR CECIL.

"I'm sure it's quite splendid."—LOTTIE VENN.

"Very catching. Ought to go with a roar."—NELLIE FARREY.

"Full of rich tragic material. It has greatly impressed me."—WILLIAM RIGNOLD.

"First-rate; and what a chance for a clown in the last three Acts!"—HARRY PAYNE.

"Powerful and sportive. That cataract scene alone ought to carry it through."—HENRY KEMBLE.

"Strong in situation, terse in diction, and eminently dramatic, it ought to make the fortunes of half-a-dozen Managers. I regret, however, I can not produce it at the Lyceum."—HENRY IRVING.

"An excellent play. Altogether a very high-class piece of work. There are heaps of money in it. I am afraid, though, it is not suited to our requirements."—W. H. KENDAL.

"A tip-top Drama, the takings of which, I should say, would be tremendous. I am sorry, though, I can't see my way to putting it up at Drury Lane."—AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

"Re-written, reconsidered, and reconstructed, it ought to cut up into at least five Comic Operas. I enjoyed it much."—CARL ROSA.

"Offers a great and unique chance. Why not take a theatre, and produce it yourself? Shall I see you on the subject. There's a part in it which, worked up a bit, might suit me."—GILBERT FARQUHAR.

MR. GOSCHEN'S HOME-RULE POLICY.—His Plan of Champagne.



WHAT NEXT?





LATEST FROM ABYSSINIA.

'THE NEGUS HAS RETIRED INTO THE INTERIOR.'

MOT BY M. CLÉMENTEAU.

DISHED, by a mediocrity! Great Heaven!
 MEXIME is fifty, I'm but forty-seven!
 "Youth will be served," the athletes say. No doubt!
 But in my case, alas! youth is served—out!

SHOOTING NIAGARA.

It appears that on a recent occasion the crowds thronging to see M. PHILIPPOTEAUX's famous picture of "Niagara" were so excessive, and on being appealed to by the authorities to "circulate," so absolutely disinclined to budge a single inch, that order had to be restored by the intervention of the Police, who finally established it by clearing the entire building. With a view, however, to dealing with further possible invasions, likely to result from the growing attractiveness of the show, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, its ever business-like and spirited Manager, intends, it is said, to issue the following notice, which certainly seems calculated to minimise the nuisance of which it professes to dispose.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Every responsible person presenting himself for admission will be called upon to sign a contract at the door undertaking for himself, and if necessary for his family or the party accompanying him, not to pause for a single moment to gaze at any portion of the Cyclorama, but to keep moving continually at a steady trot through the building, which must be preserved uniformly from the moment of passing the turnstile to that of reaching the door of exit.

As this will probably necessitate some physical exertion, invalids

CHAMBERLAIN TO THE CAUCUS.

Was it for this I moulded "the Machine,"
 Boiler and shafting, cylinder and piston,
 That it should dare, out of pure party spleen,
 Not to do any work that I insist on?
 "A tatur stand on end at being biled?"
 Bigelow, that's nothing to the Caucus kicking
 At its creator—me! I'm really riled,
 And somebody will have to take a licking.
 Is the Caucasian indeed played out?
 Nay, boys of Brummagem, they shall not balk us,
 I'll boss a new Machine, Unionists about:—
 "The Caucus (then) is dead; long live—the Caucus!"

NOT OUT OF THE WOOD.

(A Page from an Anti-Whine Diary.)

10 A.M.—As a Member of the Society to Watch Inebriates, I accepted an invitation to lunch with my friend CLARENCE LUSH, who is a well-known habitual drunkard. The last time I saw my friend was a little late one night, or rather morning, at the Good Constitution Club, when he was asleep, and where I explained to him the story of a Three Act Drama I contemplated writing. He was then certainly intoxicated—very intoxicated—for he declared that what I had been telling him was "boah." I hope he is better now. I shall take this Note-book, and, if possible, jot down my observations under the table.

11 A.M.—Have just sat down to breakfast with CLARENCE. He is as sober as a judge. We commenced the meal with a soda and brandy a-piece. So far from getting into our heads, it steadied us.

11.30.—Still quite right. CLARENCE most amusing. We have been trying various clarets, but without feeling the lightest—I mean slightest—ill effects.

12 NOON.—Just had little *Punch à la Romaine*. Very good stuff. No sort of bad 'feet—I mean ef-feet—though why shouldn't call 'feet—don't know.

1 P.M.—Watching LUSH carefully. We both taken lot of wine—yes, lot of wine. But whaterthat? Whaterthat?

2.—I'm happy—no, mean, ver unhappy! Making thiah note unner table. Watched carefully. You're quite sober. You're sober as I am. Splendid 'sparment. Tired—going 'ahleep.

NEW READING OF SHAKESPEARE, SUGGESTED BY Mr. GOSCHEN'S CONVERSION SCHEME.—"When shall we Threes meet again?"

and the infirm and aged, unless accompanied by their family solicitor, or by some other respectable person who will be responsible for their keeping up the pace, are warned off.

To ensure the unceasing and lively continuance of this movement, it will be supervised by an able body of Police provided with truncheons, assisted by picked and experienced Guardsmen, armed with fixed bayonets.

There will be a short comprehensive lecture every minute and a half, giving the history of America from the earliest times to the arrival of COLUMBUS, the details of the War of Independence, the strife between North and South, the history of Canada, and the Statistics of the Fisheries and general population. As this will be shouted almost continuously, from a speaking-trumpet, every visitor, though hurrying along on his round, will probably catch some of it.

No flying questions may be put to the man in the rostrum. Anyone putting the lecturer out by his interruption, will himself be immediately put out by the Police.

It is believed that, by a strict adherence to the above regulations, the whole of the sight-seeing public of the Metropolis may in due time have an opportunity of visiting the show, if with some rapidity of movement, at least without the inconvenience attendant upon a struggle and a crush.

FINALLY, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD REQUESTS ALL THOSE

who do not feel themselves up to a bit of brisk exercise, have not a highly-trained ear, or a reserve of nervous energy, but who, most of all, lack a practised eye, capable of taking in instantly the widest ranges of distant country at one sweeping and comprehensive cycloramic glance, not to come and help to block up all access to his "Niagara," but quietly, reasonably, and wisely,

TO STAY OUTSIDE.



SUNDAY DIVERSION.

Curate. "GOOD-BYE. I MUST GO IN NOW. I'VE GOT TO PREPARE MY SERMON—AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TO PREACH ABOUT."

Layman. "OH,—ABOUT TEN MINUTES,—AND THEN COME OVER TO LUNCH."

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE.

It is expected that Convocation will be specially summoned, and as soon as possible, the case being urgent, to consider the sudden appearance of open heresy in the theatrical world. The statute *de hæretico comburendo* having been long ago repealed, application will be made to Parliament for leave to invent a second act—a very strong dramatic one—to meet the present situation. It appears that the contagion is spreading in the Strand, where it first attracted considerable attention at the Opéra Comique Theatre, when Mrs. BERNARD BEERE introduced *Ariane* to the public. Subsequently it cropped up in a fresh place on the opposite side of the road at the Strand Theatre, where it called itself *Airy Annie*. The Bishops, therefore, will probably consult together with a view to putting down this alarming growth of *Ariane-ism* on the stage. The Two Houses of Convocation will visit officially the two houses of entertainment above-mentioned,—Opéra Comique first and Strand the next evening,—in order to pronounce upon the merits of the question as a whole.

HOLIDAY MOTTO FOR SIR JOHN LUNBOCK.—"Shut up!"

HOW IT STRIKES THE CLOCK.

A Clock sees a lot who discreetly
Keeps his hands well in front of his face,
While the dancers are footing it feistly,
Or resting securely and sweetly
In the holly-hung nook, which so neatly
Is not quite filled up by the case.

The candles stand straight in the sconces,
The boards like a looking-glass shine,
And lovingly rubicund JOHN sees
To details of supper and wine.

An early arrival is taken
By radiant hostess in tow,
And, with confidence shamefully shaken,
He stands face to face with a row
Of flotsam and jetsam forsaken,
Whose heyday is gone long ago,
Who now lie in wait, like the Kraken,
To drag buoyant hopes down below.

There's a youth who would gladly annul it,
Though he sticks, now he's here, to his tryst,
With a collar that presses his gullet,
And a glove that is strained by his fist,
While the other, however he pull it,
All efforts is fain to resist.
And he knows he is certain to mull it,
As he gives a last desperate twist,
And the button flies off like a bullet,
And the glove curls away from his wrist.

There's a moody man out on the landing
Who bites his moustaches and swears,
For he is in solitude standing,
And she's sitting up on the stairs,
And without any glass he can well see
The story so prettily told,
That somebody else's is *ELSIE*,
As dainty in manner and mould
As a shepherdess fashion'd at Chelsea
In charming choice china of old.

And the well-polished floor waxes shinier,
And feet that were tiny look tinier,
Like the white rose's wind-driven petals,
Or the lawn by the blown apple-tree;
And the band to its business settles,
And the dance is all glory and glee,
And rubicund JOHN's getting winnier,
And smiles with a courtesy free.
Like a heavenly dredger the 'cello
Scoops all the soul out of a fellow,
Till wildly he worships the snowy-neck'd fay
In her virginal white, like the blossoming May,
With her curls than the woodbine woodbinier,
More precious than spell-guarded metals,
More bright than the eye of the day.

Then supper, with cracker and motto—
Oh, the power of those sibylline leaves—
When you say what it's much safer not to,
In an ear that too gladly receives.
And two surreptitious young creatures,
With the backs of their heads for their fea-
Like a Janus admiring himself, [tures,
Turn years to a moment of blisses,
Of heart-breaking, heavenly kisses,
Regardless of prudence's preachers,
Papas, and position, and pelf.
And I turn on my time very slowly,
To give the young couple a chance,
For there's something in sorrow that's holy,
To a soft-hearted Clock at a dance.

Then the *chaperons* yawn, and regard me
With wistful and sleep-reddened eyes,
And the youngsters would gladly retard me,
As if it's my fault that time flies.
And dreaming of dances and marriages,
Of rivals, tobacco, or bed,
They seek in instalments their carriages,
And the vision of pleasure has fled.
And, quiet as the chamber of illness,
The ball-room grows dim and forlorn,
And I tick once again in the stillness,
As the wind brings the rain with the morn.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 57.



ROYAL ACADEMICIANS CHEZ EUX. "THE VARNISHING POINT"—IN PROSPECTIVE.

POEMS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

No. I.—FREDERICK, RICHARD, AND ROBERT.

It was an Easter Tuesday, and little BOB and DICK
Fared forth to take a holiday with Brother FREDERICK;
Now RICHARD, in the rash resolve more gilded youths to ape,
Came out incongruously garbed in a loose and ample cape.
(Full strangely clad was the simple lad in his aristocratic cape!)

"The Tower we will visit," they vowed, in eager tones;
"And read the lesson of the Past from its grim historic stones!
We'll press around the fatal block, and feel the dinted axe,
And study the construction of the thumbscrews and the racks!"
(For these, in sooth, thrill gentle youth—especially the racks!)

So on their way they wended, from Southwark to the Tower,
And heeded not the changing moods of aleet, and shine, and shower;
Until, in Queen Victoria Street, they halted at the doors
Of that august establishment—the Civil Service Stores.
("What if," they cried, "we went inside these celebrated Stores.")

Into the Stores they sauntered—and ROBERT's eyes are round,
While RICHARD's mouth is open wide in wonderment profound;
Their artless prattle wins a smile from hardened men who list:
Where'er they pass they leave behind a sense of something—missed.
(As if the joys of happy boys those Civil Servants missed!)

They cannot bear to lose them, and so detain the three:
Which, for some reason, seems to cast a gloom upon their glee.

Toys rattle out of ROBERT fast—while up the sleeve of DICK
Is ineffectually concealed—a silver-mounted stick!
(Now, the deepest sleeve can ne'er deceive by harbouring a stick.)

A model locomotive bad BOB disgorges next;
By which good Brother FREDERICK is sore surprised—and vexed.
But FREDERICK's fraternal heart sustains a final shock
When from the folds of RICHARD's cape they extricate—a clock!
(Eight pounds and more was its price at Store,—he was quite a
judge of a clock!)

See, from his shameless pocket bulges a pint bot-tal—
'Tis lavender—though he protests he can't endure the smell!
And the lad's ill-gotten gains include—why, nobody can think—
An unassuming china-pot, labelled "Pomade of Zinc!"
(What boyish eyes see aught to prize in ointments made of zinc?)

Next FREDERICK, all contrition, sobs how he, too, has sinned,
In so-cretting a box of sweets, and oysters—only tinned!
And here they fancy they have probed the limits of his shame;
But, diving deeper, disinter a photographic frame!
(And he pulls a face—for a pencil-case has followed the photo-
frame.)

The Mansion House they've entered, these young reluctant rips,
To hear their awful doom pronounced by Aldermanic lips:—
Their bad behaviour is described in terms extremely candid,
And BOB and DICK are both discharged—but FREDERICK is
remanded!
(Should you care to seek, by to-morrow week, you will hear where
FREDERICK's landed.)



House of Commons, Thursday, April 5.—Commons met again to-day after Easter holidays—at least, some did.

"Meeting of the Commons doesn't seem so common as commonly," said GOSCHEN, whose jokes daily assume increased vigour and freshness.

Only three Questions on paper. But half-a-dozen Amendments on going into Committee of Supply. Most probable the whole of sitting would be appropriated to Amendments. Perhaps if Old Morality pounced at a few minutes to twelve, might get Committee stage *pro forma*. But that the utmost hope. W. REDMOND's Amendment about KING JA JA enough to occupy sitting. Was reported that, since he had put Motion down, REDMOND had ascertained who King JA JA is, where he lives, and what's the matter with him. Might consequently be able to say something on subject; though, as GOSCHEN says, that not necessary condition with REDMOND of delivering a long speech.



Courtney's "Quick Change."

in its groove. Sergeant-at-Arms' amazed sword rattled in its scabbard all

However, things dispose themselves differently. COURTNEY looks in at Question Time. Shan't be wanted in Chair, at any rate before dinner-time, so turns up in morning dress. Seated on Front Opposition Bench thinking of long nights to come in company with Local Government Bill, when (as distinguished novelist occasionally writes) lo! a strange thing happened. Three questions on the paper disposed of in twice as many minutes. Orders of the Day reached. "Supply, Committee." MACDONALD CAMERON headed list of Amendments. SPEAKER called on him. Wasn't quite ready. Lot opportunity slip. No one else in his place. REDMOND proved faithless to Foreign Potentate. Before House could say W. H. SMITH, it was in Committee, and COURTNEY in Chair in morning dress!

SPEAKER hastily fled from desecrated scene. Mace under the table distinctly seen to turn

aghast. Cry of "The Constitution in danger!" quivered on pallid lips. Never before was Chairman of Committees seen in Chair without a white neck-tie and swallow-tailed coat. Great opportunity for COURTNEY. Would he be equal to it? He was.

Had heard or read somewhere of what is called at Theatres and Music Halls "the quick change" trick. Nothing yet done equalled feat now performed before excited House of Commons. Beckoning to GOSCHEN to take Committee Chair, COURTNEY slipped out behind SPEAKER's Chair in morning dress. Whilst House still wondering what this agility might portend, he emerged from other side of Chair in evening dress. How it was done, whether single-handed, or with assistance, not known, and doesn't matter. That it was done was clear enough, for there was COURTNEY, white neck-tied and shirt-fronted, in seat of Chairman of Committees, and the Constitution was saved.

"Most remarkable illustration of the working of Proportional Representation scheme I ever saw," said PLUNKET. "Much better than the elaborate experiment the other night. Through one proportion of sitting COURTNEY represents Gentleman of the period in morning dress; throughout another proportion he represents ditto ditto in evening dress. Begin at last to see what Proportional Representation means."

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates voted.

Friday.—Another night of real work. Not particularly lively, but exceedingly useful. House tumbled



into Committee after Questions, just as happened last night. Crowd of Members came in to see COURTNEY do the quick change trick again. Another success, but repetition had natural consequence of pallid appetite. The audience quickly dispersed, and the few present began to vote money. Money being someone else's, most generous spirit prevailed. GRANDOLPH has quietly but sternly rebuked absentees by being present since business was resumed. All very well for young fellows like GLADSTONE to be taking French leave in extension of ordinary holiday. The star of GRANDOLPH's life is Duty. Led him straight to House of Commons as soon as doors were open. To-night proposed new Committee to inquire into expenditure of Houses of Parliament. Old Morality eagerly assented.

"Committee, more or less," he says, "is nothing. If GRANDOLPH will be quiet on condition we feed him with Committees, provender shan't be lacking."

DODDS been roaming about all night, anxious for opportunity of repeating his like success of yesterday. Suddenly, in middle of sitting, *à propos* of nothing, moved to Report Progress. Didn't mean anything. At once withdrew Amendment, but felt he'd created a sensation, and done something to spread fame of *Dodd Family Abroad*. Deferred action too long. At Eleven o'Clock, Committee, astonished at extent of its labours, reported Progress. House immediately thereafter Counted Out.

"This is a Montagu—"

WILLIAMS SHAKESPEARE.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, though suffering at one time from extinction of voice, and even now not speaking in the full tone of yore, has contrived, since taking his seat on the Magisterial Bench, to "speak out" in such a manner as to make his voice heard throughout the length and breadth of the Metropolis, and, indeed, of the United Kingdom. The great orator, BOSSUET, was known as the Eagle of Meaux. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS will be remembered—especially by the Police of his district—as the Eagle Beak of Wandsworth.

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